

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI.

### Choice Poetry.

#### THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

BY REV. JAMES GILHORNE LYONS, L. L. D.

When the American forces under General Taylor stormed Monterey, on the 21st, 22nd, and 23d of September, 1847, a Mexican woman was found hanging from a tree in the city, having been wounded and exposing them with food and water. While thus employed the 21st, Mrs. W. was on the following morning discovered hanging from a tree, thus to bear an increased charge of shot from the Mexican batteries.

The stroke was over at Monterey. When those high towers were lost and won; And passing through that fatal day,

Five hundred thousand rebels were grieved

Yet, heedless of its dire result;

Sher stood in tot and danger dest;

And thine the bleeding soldier's chest;

And stabs the dying soldier's chest.

How many sheep were killed yesterday, you

ravaged?

"Two, sir, war execrated, 'cordis' to sen-

"Twas the d—! Go and kill now! How

unlucky! who was killed?"

"Five or six more, sir, war massacred

yesterday at noon, by my own hand."

"Five! There it is again! Are people to

be staved at our home? Hang it, sir,

What a curse upon the house!"

And when the house was gone,

What a curse upon the wife!

On that red field of Monterey!"

They had her in a tomb—dead.

And eight were buried, and seven were shell-

Above that lonely resting place,

At grey's crimson workshops,

For slugs of misery such as here,

To sound her woes were glad—shame—

To who have lost their ease,

Who live and die in like ways,

Far greater than the wise or brave,

Or the true sons of man,

On that red field of Monterey?"

#### Original Novellet.

#### THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER:

OR,

#### THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MRS. EMMA W. SWINSTON,  
AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE  
DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE FESTIVAL AT POINT PLEASANT.

Why is she to be here,  
Is my true realm amidst light eyes and tresses,  
Happy as ever?

Then all was joy;

Festive and mirth, like music and laughter,

Flame and playing, flight and dance,

Till sight fled from us like an olive-dream,

So soon of memory without a name;

For Sleep.

Mary!—My sweetest!—Where is that girl?  
On, dear! how I wish could venture  
Down stairs myself! But I know if I go down  
through the open passages, full of draughts in this wind, I shall be laid up with the pleurisy;  
I must be able to sit, and rest, and call,  
and sing all day of this!—I am so glad!  
Indeed, indeed!—I must get down to have  
the ball—wring string!—I have been looking  
about it long enough!—Mary—over—over! Oh,  
here she is!—as I last—ever—saw!—Mrs. Wiles,  
as we used to—she's come back!—She's come  
the last success in bringing her husband—  
mitigating his hands to her presence!—

—She's come to—she's come to—she's come to—









